



CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION

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THE
"LITTLE FOLKS" PAINTING BOOK.









THE "LITTLE FOLKS"
PAINTING BOOK.

A SERIES OF

OUTLINE ENGRAVINGS FOR WATER-COLOUR PAINTING,

By KATE GREENAWAY,

WITH DESCRIPTIVE STORIES AND VERSES BY GEORGE WEATHERLY.



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Preface.



THE "LITTLE FOLKS" PAINTING BOOK is essentially what its title implies—a book of pictures, to be coloured by young people. The majority of the sketches, which exceed a hundred in number, are in outline, and all are especially adapted for painting in water-colours. The Frontispiece has been coloured by hand, to show in some measure how the rest of the book may be painted. It is, of course, apparent that, in a book of this description, the talents of young artists must be chiefly directed to the fitting choice of colours, and their harmonious arrangement.

But it was felt that such a Painting Book might well be more than a mere book of pictures: that the illustrations might with advantage be accompanied by stories and verses, which should serve a double purpose, being both explanatory of the characters and incidents, and therefore useful to the young artist, and at the same time interesting to readers, who might not themselves be engaged in colouring the pictures. The book, therefore, assumed its present form, and it is hoped that the stories and verses herein contained may have some enduring interest of their own, apart altogether from the original purpose of the book.

Two of [the stories, *i.e.*, "The Raven's Riddle: a Tale of Magic and Meaning;" and "Lost and Found: The Story of a Wonderful Journey," have already appeared in a modified form in "LITTLE FOLKS" Magazine. The remaining stories and verses are published now for the first time.

It remains to mention that Special Prize Competitions for colouring this book have been instituted in connection with "LITTLE FOLKS" Magazine, in which Prizes in Money and Medals in Silver and Bronze are offered for competition. A noteworthy feature of the scheme consists in the fact that all coloured books sent to the Editor of the Magazine will, at the close of the Competition, be distributed among the little sick inmates of the Children's Hospitals. It is hoped that by

this means some thousands of Picture Books—more attractive than Scrap Albums, and especially interesting as having been coloured by children—may be provided for the amusement of little ones during their weary hours in the hospital. Full particulars of these Competitions are announced in the number of “LITTLE FOLKS” Magazine for March, 1879.

N.B.—At the end of this Book will be found full directions for mixing colours, &c. These are published in connection with the “LITTLE FOLKS” Fine Art Moist Colour Box, which has been prepared specially for this book.



FIVE LITTLE RHYMES.

I.

LITTLE lass and laddie there,
Blowing bubbles light as
air

All the day ;
Is there nothing you can
do ?
Nothing noble, nothing true,
In your way ?

Work there is for every
one !
Duties you have left un-
done

Wait you still !
Do your duty ; do the right :
Then blow bubbles fairy-light
If you will.

II.

Three little boys,
So chubby and neat,
Sat on a doorstep,
Out in the street ;
Each of them wishing, as boys will
do,
Wishing for something wondrous
and new.

Three little boys,
Grown old and grey,
Sitting at home
On a winter's day ;
Each of them wishing, still wishing,
alas !
For something that never would
come to pass.

III.

Right ! left ! Right ! left ! point your toes so merrily !
Right ! left ! Right ! left ! keeping time so cheerily !
With cheery hearts and faces gay, Speed the merry hours away !

IV.

Butterfly, butterfly, on a sun-
flower,

What are you doing, I pray ?
Come here and whisper, if you have
the power,
Where you have been to-day.
And where did you hide from the
force of the shower ?
And when are you going away ?

V.

Two little old women sat working
one day !

Knit ! knit ! knit !
And one was cross and the other
was gay !
Knit ! knit ! knit !
While the hours and years run fast
away,
Flit ! flit ! flit !



A NUTTING SONG.

Oh, but the nuts are so brown in the wood—

Out in the wood, the glad autumn wood—

And the children have trooped forth in rollicking mood,

Some clad in tippet and some clad in hood,

After the nuts so brown in the wood,

After the nuts so brown.

Oh, but the nuts are so ripe on the tree—

Up in the tree, the green hazel tree—

And bright little eyes smile the clusters to see,

And fat little hands clasp the branches with glee,

Seeking the nuts so ripe on the tree,

Seeking the nuts so brown.

Oh, but the nuts are so high on the bough—

Up on the bough, the heavy-branched bough—

And short little arms cannot get them, I trow!

"By hook or by crook" they are reaching them now,

Reaching the nuts so high on the bough,

Reaching the nuts so brown.

Oh, but the nuts were so brown in the wood—

Out in the wood, the glad autumn wood—

And the children have trooped home in quieter mood,

Some of them fretful, and some of them good,

All of them laden with nuts from the wood,

Laden with nuts so brown.



SUNBEAM, HILARY, AND LACRYMOSUS.

THEY were brother and sisters, and when they were asleep they were wonderfully like one another—the same eyes, and nose, and mouth, the same fat ruddy cheeks. But when they were awake you would not have guessed that they were brother and sisters at all! The truth was, that Hilary and Sunbeam were always laughing, while their brother Lacrymosus was always crying. And therein lay the secret of their changed faces asleep and awake; for it's not very easy to laugh or to cry when you're asleep, I can assure you.

Now it happened that one day, when Hilary and Sunbeam and Lacrymosus were sitting on the garden wall, amusing themselves in the usual way—namely, by laughing and crying—they all three fell asleep, and they all dreamt the same strange dream. They dreamt that they saw in the garden beneath them a little boy and girl about their own age, but dressed in quaint clothes of some long-ago time, and that one of them was laughing and the other crying. But suddenly a queer little sprite, looking very much like an inverted flower-pot, made his appearance, and at sight of him both the children were awed into silence. "Don't be afraid," said he, "but follow me!" And immediately the scene changed, and they were standing in the courtyard of a large castle, and were watching the antics of a little girl who was dancing some strange dance with a merry-looking old dame. At first the little girl's face was very grave and solemn, but as she danced it grew brighter and brighter, until at last she was positively laughing with glee, and her eyes twinkled merrily. The children looked at the



flower-pot inquiringly, and he at once explained the matter. "That little girl," he said, "was always grumbling and crying when she was at home, and so she was sent here to be taught to laugh and be merry in due season. But do you see those five little girls in sugarloaf hats, who are walking up and down on the terrace? Look at their downcast eyes and grave faces! Only a week ago they were the merriest of the merry, and laughed and sang the whole day long; but they neglected their studies, and spent all their time in play, and so they were sent here to learn to be solemn in season."

Dear me! What was that? The great church clock was striking five, and Hilary, Sunbeam, and Lacrymosus were awakened by the noise, and they all sat on the wall blinking at one another. "I think I've been asleep," said Hilary. "And so have I!" echoed Sunbeam. "And I too!" added Lacrymosus. And what is more, they had been dreaming too, but on that subject they were all very quiet. But, strange to say, from that time they began to grow very like one another *when they were awake*, and now it is commonly said by their friends that they are "as like as three peas."



THE OWL'S ADVICE.

"I WANT to look wise!" said Maud one day;

"I want to look clever and wise!"

"Oh! oh!" said the owl, as he sat on a spray,

And blinked as in solemn surprise;

"You had better by far remain as you are,

And learn to *be* clever and wise!"

Then echoed the birds as they sat in a row,

"You hear what he says; you'd better, you know,

Just learn to be clever and wise!"



THREE LITTLE FISHES.

THREE little fishes leapt in the sun,
 Just as the joyous June day had begun :
 Leapt in the sunshine and frolicked with glee,
 Poor little three !

A glad little maiden sat in the sun—
 Sat on the bridge when the day had begun,
 Angling for fishes, large, small, or wee,
 All she could see.

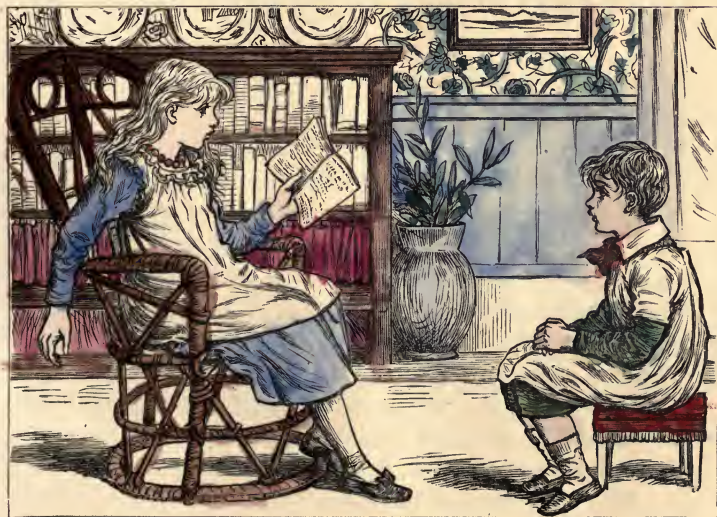
Three little fishes leapt in the sun,
 Thinking the fishing was very great fun ;
 " We're not to be caught ! oh no, not we !"
 Wise little three !

Three little fishes leapt in the sun ;
 The little lass hooked them one by one !
 The bait was too tempting for them, you see,
 Poor little three !



W O N D E R L A N D .

HAVE you ever been to Wonderland,	Would you like to go to Wonderland,
To Wonderland, to Wonderland ?	To Wonderland, to Wonderland ?
Have you ever seen the heroes grand—	Then sit by me, and, book in hand,
The giants and gnomes,	We'll read and read,
The fairy homes	And be indeed
Of the dwellers in Wonderland ?	With the dwellers in Wonderland.



THE RAVEN'S RIDDLE.

A TALE OF MAGIC AND MEANING.

It was a warm sunny afternoon in August, and Madge and Mabel were wandering disconsolately round a large rambling garden, while Nurse sat in an old-fashioned arm-chair on the prim lawn and sipped her tea contentedly. Madge and Mabel had been tired of lessons in the morning, and now, in the afternoon, they were tired of play. Like "the old woman who lived in a shoe"—though from a very different cause—they "didn't know what to do;" and Nurse, as she watched them, soon saw what was the matter. "Come here, children," said she, "and I will read you a little story."

THE RAVEN'S RIDDLE.

"I can't make it out at all," said Toby, as he stood, deep in thought, sucking his fat little thumb.

"Can't make what out?" croaked the raven at his feet.

Toby looked down in surprise when the bird spoke; he was so astonished that he did not know how to reply. But the raven only looked at him calmly, and again croaked forth, "Can't make what out?"

"It's just this," said Toby at length: "Why are some people so happy, having all they want, and with nice things to eat every day? and why am I so miserable, getting nothing but porridge? It's just that!" wound up Toby, looking fixedly at the raven, as though he *had* set him a poser.

"Ha! ha!" croaked the raven. "I'll give you a riddle,



and when you've found it out, you'll have found the answer to your question also :—

‘Gold, gold, and better than gold,
Known now, and known of old ;
In me you'll find, if you're inclined,
Happiness, health, joy, and wealth.’ ”

And having truly set Toby a poser, the raven hopped away.

“I'll give it up!” said Toby at length, after he had long pondered the matter. “I'll ask Tim in to see if he can find it out.” And away Toby went.

In due time back he came with his friend Tim, and when they were both seated comfortably, with steaming bowls of porridge before them, Toby propounded the raven's riddle. The question was such a poser that Tim paused in dire perplexity, with a spoonful of porridge mid-way between the bowl and his mouth.

“I have it!” at last he said, excitedly. “We're to go in search of gold; for didn't the raven say ‘Gold, gold?’ ”

“Ah! but,” replied Toby doubtfully, “how about ‘better than gold?’ ”

“Of course much gold is better than little gold; and that's where the riddle is, depend upon it,” rejoined Tim, decisively.

“Then we'll start at once,” said Toby, quite satisfied; “and we'll get Tony Welter to come with us.”

Away went the three friends, bent on the search for the mystic gold, which, as they supposed, was to bring them, in a very short time, in the words of the raven's riddle—
“Happiness, health, joy, and wealth.” On they trudged, over marsh and mere, over hill and dale, through forests and woods,



in storm and sunshine, in cold and heat; but all in vain. They seemed to be no nearer the end of their search. Instead of happy and healthy, joyous and wealthy, they were ragged and footsore, hungry and tired, and sick at heart, too, with disappointment at their non-success.

At length one day, when the three little limping figures were dragging wearily along hand in hand, they came in sight of a farmyard, rich with ricks of sweet-smelling hay, and joyous with cackling of hens, and quacking of ducks, and lowing of cattle. On the gate of the home-field a boy was swinging merrily, as though he had not a care in the world. In the field itself a little girl was sitting under a tree fast asleep; and lower down, where the dusty road wound towards the village, a boy was driving a pig home from the market, and two little children were gazing in open-mouthed wonder, watching the boy's efforts to induce the pig to move.

"Oh, dear, if we could only get to the end of our wandering!" said Toby. Just then the three friends passed the farmyard pump, where two little girls were hard at work: one of them pumping up the water, and the other drawing it off in pitchers. How blithe they seemed; and, dear me! whatever was that they were singing?—

"Work, work, with all your might,
Never be idle from morn till night;
For nothing in all the world can compare
With honest labour, free from care.
And every one knows it is better than gold,
It's known now, and was known of old.
Happiness, health, joy, and wealth,
All come from labour, we've been told."



"Hurrah!" shouted Toby and Tim and Tony simultaneously; "we've found it at length. Our troubles are all over. It's labour the raven meant; and now we'll go home and see if the raven and the little girls have spoken truly."

And lo! the words were hardly out of their mouths before they turned a corner of the road, and there were their own homes in sight. Were their troubles really over? Or were they all dreaming? and would they soon awake to find themselves still trudging wearily over hill and dale?

* * * * *

"How strange!" said Toby, rubbing his eyes. "Have I been dreaming?" For there was the raven looking at him very sagely, not saying anything, but croaking as usual; and there was Toby lying on the floor of the cottage. "Why I *must* have dreamt it all," said he.

And, between you and me, so he had; but he learnt a lesson from his dream, after all, and profited by it: for he proved to his friends, in after years, how in honest labour indeed may be found "Happiness, health, joy, and wealth." If *you* don't quite believe in the raven's advice, try it, and then judge for yourselves.

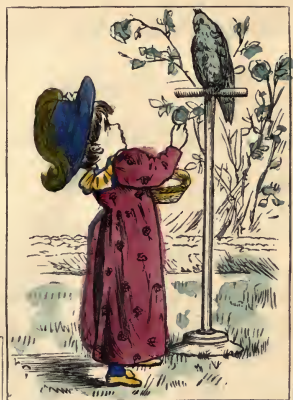
"And that's the end of the story," said Nurse. Madge and Mabel looked at one another rather shame-facedly, but said nothing. The story was not forgotten by the children, however; for a week or two after, when their baby brother was very troublesome, Madge was overheard telling him the story with a great deal of emphasis, and though *he* could scarcely understand the meaning of it, it was very evident *she* did.



A YOUNG TURK.

HE *was* a young Turk, there could be no doubt about it! He was always in mischief—always doing something wrong, always neglecting what was right. His sister Madge had a green parrot, of which she was very fond; but if ever she happened to be feeding or petting it, up would come Chubby, and quietly commence to pull a long feather out of its tail. And when he had succeeded in making Madge angry and miserable, away he would go in search of further mischief. One day Chubby met a little girl bowling a hoop in the lane near his father's house, and he seemed to think it great fun to make his dog Nero bark at the little girl, and frighten her so that she dropped her hoop and ran away. And then, with a laugh, Chubby threw the hoop in the pond, and went home rejoicing. What do you think could be done with a boy like that? He was scolded and punished, but it was all of no avail, and his sisters looked upon him as incorrigible.

But one day Chubby's cousin Violet came to stay at the house, and when she heard of his cruel and disagreeable ways she was very grieved, and determined to try her best to improve him. And this was how she began. Instead of scolding him, or even quietly ignoring him, as though she looked upon him as altogether bad, she would talk to him kindly, and play with him, and try to amuse him and keep him out of mischief. And week by week Chubby improved. He was only a little boy, and his heart was touched by Violet's kindness; and from that time he grew so much nicer that at last his sisters were quite proud of him.



A WONDERFUL PIE.

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD RHYME.

SING a song of sixpence,
 A pocket full of rye ;
 Four-and-twenty snowballs
 Baked in a pie !
 When the pie was opened
 The snow had gone away.
 Wasn't that a pretty dish
 To have on Christmas Day ?

A TEA-PARTY.

<i>Twice one are two :</i>	<i>Twice one are two :</i>
<i>He :</i> " Yes, tea will do ! "	<i>She :</i> " More milk for you ? "
<i>Twice two are four :</i>	<i>Twice two are four :</i>
<i>She :</i> " Just one cup more ? "	<i>He :</i> " Not any more, "
<i>Twice three are six :</i>	<i>Twice three are six :</i>
<i>He :</i> " Sugar won't mix ! "	" Miss Beatrix. "
<i>Twice four are eight :</i>	<i>Twice four are eight :</i>
<i>She :</i> " Stir it and wait. "	" It's getting late ! "
<i>Twice five are ten :</i>	<i>Twice five are ten :</i>
" And it will then ! "	<i>She :</i> " Clear away, then ! "



THE CHILDREN'S PATIENT.

Five merry faces looked over a wall;
What could they see, I wonder?
A lame little bird, and that was all,
Lying the flowers under.

Five merry faces grew very grave,
Down from the wall-top peeping;
The poor little bird they would like to save,
So they took him in safe keeping.

"Poor little bird in your cage of gold,
Do you like your home, we wonder?
Or would you rather be out in the cold?
And can we have made a blunder?"

"Dear little bird! we wish you well;
Why can't you grow a bit stronger?
Then we'll open the door and away you shall sail,
A captive bird no longer!"

But the poor little bird in its cage of gold
Was never to grow and strengthen;
And it cared not at all its days to hold,
It cared not the time to lengthen.

When the children came one sad, sad day,
The bird lay still and quiet;
And grave were the faces that late were gay,
And hushed were the games and riot.



THE CAT AND THE CARROT.

"How would you like it yourself?" said the carrot.

"Like what?" asked Gertie, in open-eyed wonder.

"Why, how would you like to have a nasty cruel fork thrust into your sides, and then to be torn away from your comfortable home in the warm earth, and to be left to freeze in a cold cellar? Here have I been kept in the darkness, trying so hard to sprout, and to look green and pleasant, but it has been all in vain? How would you like it yourself?" repeated the carrot, in an injured and plaintive tone.

Gertie was puzzled to know how to show her sympathy. "I didn't know you could feel it," at length she replied.

"Other people have feelings besides yourself," said the carrot, with a world of reproach in his voice.

* * * * *

"You've eaten it all up, and haven't left me a bit!" said the cat.

"So I have!" said Gertie, sorrowfully. "But I didn't know you were hungry, or I would have offered you some."

"But you ought to have known," replied the cat, "and that is why I blame you. You're too thoughtless, and you forget that other people have feelings besides yourself."

"Oh dear," thought Gertie, "the cat and the carrot seem to have agreed that I am dreadfully selfish, and I try so hard not to be. But I suppose I am, or they wouldn't say so."

But just then a soft voice whispered this song in her ears, and she felt much happier afterwards—

"Little Gertie, never mind;
Go on trying to be kind!

Though your efforts none requite,
Always try to do the right!"



THE FAIRY FLOWER.

THE red sun set with a laughing smile,
And Rose in the garden lingered awhile.
She had read a tale of a fairy flower
Endowed at eve with magical power,
So that its owner could have at will
Whatever he wished for, good or ill;
And she almost hoped the summer wind
Would show her this flower so hard to find.
But all in vain her search begun :
Then, half in earnest, half in fun,
She placed her doll in a leafy bower,
And tried to think it the fairy flower.
And was it fancy? Was it the breeze?
Or did the doll really speak words like these?—
“Beware of the flower with magic spell!
List to a tale of what befell
A discontented girl like you,
Who found the flower of gold and blue,
And wished at once that she might play
With golden balls the live-long day.
Alas! allowed to have her way,
She found that rest could reach her never;
With golden balls she'd play *for ever!*
And now, poor child! the whole day long
She tosses balls, and sings this song —
‘*Contentment* makes one glad and gay;
Ah me! ah me! and well-a-day!’”



A PAGE OF PORTRAITS.

*Some little folk whom many a time
You've met in ancient nursery rhyme.*

I.

A LASS with face demure and
sweet,
With sunny smile and trip-
ping feet:
The little maiden all for-
lorn,
Who milked the cow with
the crumpled horn.

II.

A strange old-fashioned lad
and lass,
Who through the village
market pass:
Oh, Jack and Jill, of famed
renown,
Why need you both have
tumbled down?

III.

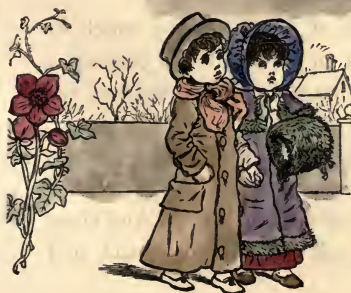
Four quaint maidens who dance all day,
Tripping the merry hours away:
Four of the children who lived in a shoe;
So the rhyme says—do you think it's true?

IV.

A little lad in hat so flat,
A little lass in green:
Jack Sprat who ate no
fat,
His wife who ate no
lean.

V.

Three children dancing on
the ice
Upon a morn in May:
The ice fell in, they all fell
out,
And anger gained the day.



LOST AND FOUND.

THE STORY OF A WONDERFUL JOURNEY.

I.

Put's mother was poor, very poor; Put's mother was ill, very ill; and Put's heart was troubled, very troubled, in consequence. For Put's was a very tender and loving little heart, and very brave withal, notwithstanding the fact that Put was only five years old. And when the doctor said that Put's mother wanted better food, and careful nursing, and that then she would get better, Put, although he had but a vague idea what it all meant, determined to do what he could in the matter.

But how to set about it: that was the question that puzzled him, as he sat pondering over the doctor's words in the little garden in front of their cottage. That he must take a journey to get what he wanted seemed certain: there was no doubt about it in his mind. This was not what puzzled him, but the question—what was his mother to do if he went? for she had only himself to look after her; and how *could* she manage without him?

While Put was trying to think of some plan by which he might attain his object and set out on his wonderful journey, a little girl came out of the next cottage. At the sight of her Put seemed to see his way clear.

"Ken," said he, in a mysterious whisper, "I am going on a journey; I mean to start this very morning, and you must not tell any one for hours, and hours, and hours! And then, while I'm away I want you to look after mother; and if I



don't get back before it's dark"—Put's heart seemed to quail a little as he said it—"tell her I've gone to get what the doctor said she wanted. Do you hear, Ken?"

"I hear, Put," said Ken, rather doubtfully; "but, but——," and here Ken burst into tears, and throwing her little arms round Put's neck, sobbed out, "Oh, Put! why do you want to go? you'll be lost, or——," but her thoughts were too much for her, and she gave herself up to unrestrained grief.

"Hush, Ken!" said Put, trying with all his might to keep back the tears that *would* trickle down his own cheeks. "Mother says we must all do our duty, and I must do mine;" this last trying to look very pompous.

Put's logic was too much for Ken; she dried her eyes and tried to look cheerful while Put gave her his final directions, all of which she promised to attend to most faithfully. Then, having put a piece of bread in his pocket, he set out on his travels, and Ken went in-doors and wept bitterly.

II.

The sun was setting slowly in the west, and Put was still tramping along, although he was beginning to feel very tired and hungry.

Presently he saw, a little way ahead of him, a boy minding some sheep, and a little girl making a daisy chain.

"I will ask them the way," said Put; and then for the first time he recognised the fact that he did not know where he was going.

"It's no good asking," thought Put; "I dare say it'll all come right if I walk on;" and the poor tired little limbs were



in motion once more, and the brave little figure trudged wearily on.

He was following the beaten pathway across some fields, when close by a stile he saw a little boy, younger even than himself. His heart was longing, oh! so much, for sympathy and companionship, so he stooped down and gently kissed the little one. But when the child in return put one arm lovingly round Put's neck, Put's heart failed him; the sense of his own utter loneliness was too much for him, and he burst into tears. His little companion didn't seem at all able to understand it, but stood watching Put very solemnly, and at last, as though a sudden idea of the real state of the case had flashed upon him, he said, "When me naughty, me say, 'Pray, God, b'ess me, an' make me a good ickle boy, Amen,'" and then away he trotted off home across the fields, and Put was alone once more.

Then, although he did not feel himself to be a naughty boy, he followed the little boy's advice, and, kneeling down by the hedge-bank, he said his prayers, just as he would have done at home at his mother's knee. And then, laying his wee weary head on the bank, he fell asleep.

III.

What a queer little fellow he looked as he trudged along next morning! So thought a little girl, who stood at a cottage watching him crossing the fields. He seemed *so* little and *so* forlorn that she went to meet him, and she looked so kind and so gentle that he told her his story, and how hungry he was. Strange to say, the little girl sobbed as he told his tale, and



put her arms around him and led him home. At the garden gate, her sister, who had been playing at horses with her little brother, came out to meet them, and when she heard of Put's journey and night on the hedge-bank, why, dear me! the tears came into her eyes too. Then the two sisters led him in-doors, and gave him some hot bread-and-milk. They were left in charge of the cottage, they told Put, for father had gone to work, and mother "sleeps with the flowers under the grass in the mossy churchyard."

Having finished his breakfast, Put thought of his mission once more, and prepared to set out. His new-made friends were very loth to let him go, but the thought of his mother urged him on; so he bade his little hostesses farewell, and again started on his search, confident that he *must* succeed in the end.

IV.

The day had been very hot and baking, and the sultry afternoon was drawing to its close as Put, very thirsty and very footsore, limped wearily along a dusty lane. As he passed along sounds of grief met his ears, and, looking over the hedge, he saw two little figures sobbing as though their hearts would break.

"What's the matter?" said Put, feeling quite like a man, compared with these mites.

"Boo-oo-oo-oo, we've lost our way," said the mites together.

"Come with me," said Put, grandly; "I'll take care of you." And Put, tired as he was, took one of the mites in either hand, and the trio set out.



After some time they reached the outskirts of a large town, and as they were passing down a long straggling street, suddenly one of the mites uttered a cry of joy, and a huge black dog rushed up, with loud barks and many signs of delight. A carriage containing a lady and gentleman soon followed, and the mites were at once in safe hands. "Pa and ma," they explained to Put, who began to feel very sad again, and a strange lump seemed to rise in his throat as he thought that once more he must go on his way alone.

When the mites had told their story they heard of the trouble their disappearance had caused: how their absence from home had been first discovered by the gardener's boy, who told Frank and Kate (the mite's elder brother and sister) that he "thought he had seen little master and miss wandering through the carriage gates into the road;" how Frank and Kate had grieved over their loss, and how in their parent's absence they had started off in different directions seeking them: how the gardener's boy had at last heard of them from a girl in a roadside cottage, and told their parents, who had just reached home, and who at once started in their track.

Next Put had to tell *his* story, and when he spoke of the setting out, the mites' father and mother laughed heartily, but when he told of his hunger and weariness, and his night on the hedge-bank, they looked as though they meant to cry, as the little girls had done before. Put couldn't make it out at all.

But the end of it all was that Put was taken into the carriage with the mites, and, after calling at a large house, away they started for Put's home.



What need to tell of the joy and thankfulness of Put's mother when she saw him return safe and sound, and of Ken's delight to get her little playfellow again, and to deliver up to him her trust, which she had executed so faithfully while he had been away? And how tell of all the good things that came out of a huge hamper in the carriage, and were taken in to Put's mother, and of the good nurse that the mites' parents sent next day, and then of the pleasant journey to the seaside when Put's mother grew better—she, and Put, and Ken, all together? All these things, little readers, you must imagine for yourselves. When I last saw Put, he was lying on the sand, and saying to Ken—

"It came right, after all, you see. I knew I must go on a journey to get what mother wanted."

THREE PET FROGS.

(To the tune of "Three Blind Mice.")

THREE pet frogs! three pet frogs!

See how they stand!

They all stand up in a queer little ring,

And they dance and they croak and try hard to sing;

Did ever you see such a wonderful thing

As three pet frogs?



TO A FISH.

SPARKLE, sparkle, little fish ;
Would we had you on a dish
Nicely cooked, you then would lie
Like a pigeon in a pie !

Sparkle, sparkle, little one !
How I wonder if the fun
Cooking seems to me and Belle
Would be fun to you as well ?

Flash and sparkle, little fish !
To be cooked is not your wish ;
So beneath the waves so deep
Happy freedom you may keep.



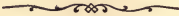
OVER THE SEA.

OVER the sea,
Over the sea,
Away we go sailing merrily !
Towed by a fish with a line in its mouth,
Sailing away in a tub to the south !
Over the sea,
Over the sea,
Sailing away so merrily !



THE EAST WIND.

THE wind blew coldly through the streets,
And laughed in people's faces,
As if he would say, "I've caught you to-day,
And enjoy your stern grimaces!"
But the children smiled, and laughing said,
"We like to hear you bellow;
For, with furs and muff, it is easy enough
To hide from you, old fellow!"



THE BRIDGE OF DEE.

UPON the bridge, upon the bridge
That crossed the river Dee,
A little lass, a little lass
Stood weeping silently.

A little laddie crossed the bridge—
The bridge above the Dee—
And the little lassie dried her eyes,
And smiled right merrily.



LITTLE MISS PRIDE.

LITTLE Miss Pride
Loved her own face ;
Looked in the glass
To study its grace !
Oh, woe betide
Little Miss Pride !



A DOLL'S WEDDING.

"THE favour of your company
Is earnestly requested
At a wedding-party, Tuesday next.
The parties interested
Will wed at half-past ten o'clock,
And not a moment later.
N.B.—Be sure you come in time.
(Signed) Johnny Rex the Greater."

So ran the invitations :
Quick ran the children in.
And merry was the party,
And noisy was the din,
When Jacko married Chloe,
And all the words were said,
And when the nursery bells were rung
To show the dolls were wed.



THE POT AND THE KETTLE.

SAID Jack to the kettle—
"Your blackened old metal
Ought by rights to be bright!
Pray get out of my sight!"

Said the kettle to Jack—
"Which of us is most black—
You the pot, I the kettle—
Would be hard thing to settle!"



HEY, DIDDLE, DIDDLE!

"*The dish ran away with the spoon,*" said May;
"Oh dear, that is silly indeed:
For dishes can't go from their places, I know,
Much less run away at full speed!"

Then she lifted her eyes and, to her surprise,
The dishes and jugs all had faces;
And each dish itself stepped down from the shelf,
And the plates began to run races.

And an old jug kept time to the wonderful rhyme
Of the cow jumping over the moon.
"Hey, diddle, diddle!" squeaked he in the middle,
"*The dish ran away with the spoon!*"



THE GNOMES.

"So you don't believe in gnomes?" said a queer little cracked voice. Alice shrank back in surprise, and retreated as far as the old oak behind her would permit, before she saw the strange figure addressing her. "So you don't believe in gnomes," he repeated; "then come with me, and I will show you, for 'seeing's believing,' as you mortals say." Then he stamped with his foot on the ground, and Alice felt they were sinking far down into the earth. Presently they stopped, and when Alice had become a little accustomed to the darkness, she saw that they were in a beautiful cavern, the walls of which were of gold and precious stones. Hundreds of little figures were at work, piling and storing the metals in their places, or wheeling the earth away in barrows. "All this is being done for you mortals," said the gnome to Alice, in a reproachful tone, "and yet you say you don't believe in us." "I'm very sorry," Alice replied. "I'll never say so again, and I think it's very good indeed of you to take so much trouble for us." "Very well," said the gnome, a little mollified; "then now you may go home again." And he gave Alice into the charge of one of the workers. This little sprite waved his arms above his head, and hey, presto! they were standing before the door of Alice's house!

"Papa," said Alice next morning at breakfast, "do you believe there are such beings as gnomes?"

"Certainly not," said her papa.

"Well, I know there are, then," said Alice mysteriously.



THE SETTING SUN.

THE sun had set beyond the hills,
In a flood of red and yellow.
Said Maud, with a smile, "He'll be back in a while,
He never rests, poor fellow !
The birds are sleeping in their nests,
The flowers their buds are closing ;
But the poor old Sun ! he never rests—
You never find him dozing !
Around he goes in a ceaseless race,
But, alas, he can never win it !
I often think he would like a wink,
If only for a minute !

"I'm bound to have sleep myself ; I know
I cannot do without it !
We all, it is said, must be put to bed !
Indeed, I never doubt it !
Why, even my dollies go to sleep ;
And if ever from rest I borrow,
And keep them up late, on occasion of state,
They're dreadfully ill on the morrow !
And the dear old Sun must be like the rest ;
All work is bad for him, surely !
So I wish I could think when he fades in the west
In his bed he was sleeping securely !"



THE SAD STORY OF LITTLE TOM TAYLOR.

LITTLE Tom Taylor
Sat on a rail, or
A post running out from the shore ;
When past flew a bird :
A loud splash was heard,
And Tommy was seen there no more.

FATHER WILLIAM.

A NEW VERSION.

"You'RE old, Father William," the young man said,
"And by rights should be learned and sage ;
Yet why are you driven, and why are you led,
By a child just a tenth of your age ?"

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
"I was headstrong, and would have my way ;
But now I am old, I have humbled my pride,
And have learnt when 'tis best to obey."



PRIDE COMES BEFORE A FALL.

I.

DICKON and Barbara were to go to school!

Great was the excitement of the children when they heard the news. No more long mornings of study at home; at last they were to go to a real school, kept by a real schoolmaster, and at last they were to learn *real* lessons! And what fun they would have with the other children! What pleasant games on sunny half-holidays! and what jolly prizes they would win! "Of course," said Dickon to Barbara, "I shall be in a higher class than you, Barbara, for you're only a girl, and can't be expected to know much; but I am a boy, and a very clever boy for my age! I daresay the master will be surprised when he finds how much I know!"

Barbara looked down and said nothing. She had distinct visions of Dickon's idleness in the past, his ill-learnt lessons and his wasted time, and she was rather afraid he didn't know as much as she did. I say she was afraid, because Barbara was a kind-hearted little girl, and she would have wished to save Dickon from the disappointment that would come if he discovered that after all he knew less than his sister.

II.

The eventful morning arrived, and Dickon and Barbara were up early to have a run through the cornfields before breakfast. Then, as the clock struck nine, away they started, Dickon carrying the books, Barbara the slates and luncheon. Very joyously they ran off from the farm, but very sedately



they walked through the little village up to the door of the schoolmaster's house. They couldn't have told you why, but there was no doubt about it: *they were nervous.*

III.

Oh dear! oh dear! poor Dickon's lessons *wouldn't* come right! He had been put in the same class with Barbara after all, and Barbara had answered *all* the questions that were asked her, and had done her sums correctly; but Dickon seemed only to have been able to show what a dunce he was! And as the clock struck twelve Barbara was free to go, but Dickon must stop behind to puzzle over his sums, which *wouldn't* come right. Barbara's was a very sad face, as she walked sorrowfully past her brother and out into the bright sunshine. She would have liked to stay and help Dickon, but the master would not allow that, and so she went outside, carrying her slate and the luncheon with her.

IV.

Dickon sat on the low form with his slate before him, and puzzled over the sum, but he couldn't make it out. The fact was, his pride had had a fall: he was humiliated, and he didn't throw his best energies into the work. At length he gave it up in despair, and turned to watch a great spider who was dropping down from the ceiling just where the sunshine slanted in through the narrow casement, and as he watched he saw a slate slowly appear, pushed gently up in front of the window, and on the slate was the dreadful sum worked out in bold big figures. Dickon knew he ought not to look at them, but he did: and more than that, he transferred them to his slate, showed the sum to his master, and was free!



V.

"I couldn't help it," sobbed Barbara, as they sat at lunch under a shady tree. "I couldn't bear to think of you sitting there all alone, but I know I've done wrong, and what is worse, I've made you do wrong too!"

Dickon looked very grave. *He* knew he had done wrong too, but it hadn't struck him so forcibly before. Barbara's grief was very bitter, and the sight of it awoke all the best feelings in her brother's heart. "We both have done wrong, Barbara," said he, "but it was all my fault, and I'll go to the master this afternoon and tell him all about it."

And Barbara smiled through her tears, and the birds overhead seemed to sing a glad song of approval.

Dickon kept his word, and the master wasn't angry. He looked a little sadly at the children first of all; but when he had heard the whole story—for Dickon kept nothing back, not even his expectations of outshining Barbara and astonishing his school-fellows—he patted them both kindly on the head and forgave them. But Dickon wished to make some amends for his fault, and so another sum was set him, even more difficult than the first. He was a different boy now, however: his mind was at rest, and the difficulties seemed to vanish away, so that in a short time he could go to the master and show him that he was not altogether a dunce after all.

That evening Dickon and Barbara walked home together hand in hand, and with rather sadder faces than when they set out in the morning. But they were really happier after all, and they both felt that they were not ashamed to meet their parents after their first day at school.



IN SEARCH OF PLAYLAND.

I.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Violet, "how tired I am of lessons, lessons, lessons, all day long. How I wish we could go away, and never learn lessons any more."

Bertie opened his big round eyes in very surprise at the possibility of such a thing as no more lessons, and heartily echoed his sister's wish.

"I have it," said Violet, "we'll go to Playland. You know the rhyme, Bertie, we read the other day—

" 'Beyond the hills,
Among the rills,
The realm of Playland lies;
There girls and boys
Have wondrous toys,
And daylight never dies.'

and so on. Well, there are the hills and the rills far away over there," pointing out of the school-room window, "and we'll run away in search of Playland."

Bertie thought this would be great fun, and he was ready to follow all his sister's directions. So a raid was made on the kitchen larder, when the cook was out of the way, Violet's hand-bag was filled with rolls and tarts, and then the children crept stealthily out of the house, through the back garden into the paddock, and they were free to commence their search for Playland.

II.

After crossing two or three fields, the children met a little



girl with a pet lamb, and Violet asked her to tell them the way to Playland. But the little girl stared at her with open eyes, and said she had never heard of such a place. "Never mind," said Violet; "the hills and the rills are far away yonder, so we cannot be wrong if we keep straight on towards them."

Soon after this they struck into the road, and their house was in sight once more. Violet looked back anxiously, fearing lest their governess or one of the servants should see them and send to fetch them back, but no one was in sight, and soon the children left the road again and dipped down into a flowery dell, and the house was lost to sight again. On they walked, until at length they saw a happy-looking boy flying a kite, and in the valley beneath they heard the music of a rippling rill. "Hurrah!" shouted Violet, "we must be approaching Playland at last."

III.

How lightly the water leapt over the stones, and how brightly it sparkled in the sunshine! Violet and Bertie were just beginning to feel tired with their walk, and they thought how refreshing it would be to walk about in the cool stream. So off came their shoes and stockings, and soon they were having a merry time of it—chasing the minnows in and out under the stones. But even as they lingered in the brook the skies became overcast, and the rain came down in torrents, and before they could get their shoes and stockings on again, they were wet through to the skin.



"Oh, dear," sobbed Bertie, "I'm so cold and so hungry."

And then the children tried to shelter themselves under a bush, and Violet gave Bertie some of the tarts and a roll from her little bag, but, alas! the rain had reached *them* too, and rain does not improve pastry or rolls, does it?

But Bertie was very cold and miserable, and he felt now that he could not have eaten the tarts even if they had been hot from the oven. And Violet was cold too, but she said nothing about it, and wrapped her frock round Bertie, and tried to keep the rain from him, and did her best to comfort him. But it was of no use; and at last they both lay down on the damp cold ground and sobbed themselves to sleep.

IV.

The young doctor from the village of Elmhorne was driving across the down in his gig, when he heard a sound as of some one moaning and talking in his sleep. He pulled up his horse sharply and jumped down. The sounds seemed to proceed from a clump of bushes a few yards from the beaten track, and he proceeded thither and found Violet and Bertie locked in one another's arms. Violet was moaning and talking, and was apparently in a high fever, so the doctor took both children up in his arms, carried them to the gig, and drove rapidly to the nearest cottage. By the time they had arrived there, Bertie seemed to have recovered his spirits, and could tell his new friend whence they had come and where they were going. But Violet was very ill, and her papa was at once sent for. For days and days she was delirious, and the old rhyme about Playland was continually on her lips.



But by slow degrees she recovered, and the first things she saw on regaining consciousness were the kind faces of her father and mother bent over her in loving forgiveness. And when she was quite well she told Bertie the story of her dreams when she was unconscious.

THE DREAM.

"I fancied," said Violet, "that while we were hiding from the rain under the bushes, a large open umbrella suddenly floated down from the sky, and a little voice, that seemed to come from the handle, said in squeaky tones, 'Get inside.' I felt bound to obey; and directly I had seated myself in the umbrella it began to rise in the air, and a number of birds flew round and round me as I soared higher and higher, and they seemed to sing—

'Rise, rise! For in the skies
The wondrous realm of Playland lies!'

On we floated, over houses and trees, over valleys and hills, right up into the clouds, until at last the umbrella gave a jerk, and I stood on firm ground once more. And then I noticed that all the trees, and animals, and birds, were of wood, just like those in a Noah's ark, and a bird at my feet crowed—

'Cock-a-doodle-doodle-doo!
'This is Playland! Who are you?'

And just as I was explaining that my name was Violet, a little girl—a real little girl—carrying a doll came up, singing—

'Strangers who with us would stay,
Must work, work, before they play.'



Then she whistled softly, and a shuttlecock came floating towards her.

‘Shuttlecock of silvery hue,
Find the stranger work to do!’

she sang. And at once the shuttlecock floated on, and I felt bound to follow. We passed a number of quaint houses, with strange old gables, and as we went we met a little girl who looked very terrified, and was followed by a tiny figure like a mouse, dressed up in *our* clothes, and carrying a market-basket.

‘See, her task is just begun;
Hours will pass ere it is done!
But I think it rather nice is—
Just to learn the market prices.’

So sang the shuttlecock. And now it seemed that I had arrived at the scene of my labours. For another queer figure, the very counterpart of the market-woman, gave me a large sun-bonnet and an apron, which I put on, and then she led me beneath an apple-tree, from which the apples dropped slowly down at irregular intervals. And it seemed that I had to stand and catch the apples in my outspread apron; but I was always obliged to be on the watch for the falling apple, for if I missed one, the next was sure to fall on my head with a crash, as though it would split it open. And so for hours I stood, until my head ached and throbbed, and throbbed and ached, and then at last—I don’t know how it was, but I opened my eyes, and there stood papa watching me.”

“Well, I tell you what it is,” said Bertie, as Violet concluded her story, “I think we had better find our Playland at home in future.” And Violet quite agreed with him.



MRS. MOUSE'S TEA PARTY.

BENEATH a mushroom's spreading shade
A merry party met;
For eight in all the tea was laid,
And seats were duly set.
Queen Butterfly sat in the chair,
The caterpillar beside her,
With on her left the blackberry,
The hostess, and the spider.
While the acorn with his wrinkled throat,
The beetle prim and neat,
And the ladybird with shining coat
Made the number quite complete.

LITTLE CAVALIERS.

FOUR little maidens of long ago
In quaint mob-caps and dresses,
With faces that smile with a sunny glow
As bright as their golden tresses;
Four little lads, in coats of brown,
On which the sunshine dances,
With eyes that look demurely down
Or gleam with roguish glances:
Eight little people of olden time,
Happy and smiling and pleasant,
Dropt, like pictures out of their frames,
Suddenly into the present.



I hear them rush, and see them fly
Swift through the silent places;
Their laughter rings from the rafters high,
And echoes through empty spaces.
I hear them dance, and hear them sing—
Each little son and daughter—
Old cavalier songs of the absent king—
The king who was over the water—
The king who, they thought, would come again
In the new years bright and golden,
In a blaze of triumph to rule and reign
(In days that *now* are olden).

And one little couple I plainly see,
Small hand small hand firm grasping,
With a loving touch of sympathy,
Like tendrils interclasping.
Some secret deep they seem to share,
Some plot or plan they're weaving;
Else why do they stand in converse there,
The other children leaving?
Ah well! ah well! we never can tell,
For the faces are only gleaming
In frames, after all, on the old oak wall;
They *are* pictures, and I have been dreaming!





WHERE TWO WAYS MEET.

WHERE two ways meet the children stand,
A broad fair road on either hand;
One leads to Right, and one to Wrong: °
So runs the song.

Which will you choose, each lass and lad?
The right or left, the good or bad?
One leads to Right, and one to Wrong:
So runs the song.



TWO YOUNG CRUSOES.

HARRY and Ada had been reading the wonderful story of Robinson Crusoe, and nothing would satisfy them but that they, too, should set out on a series of similar adventures. So, one day, when the house was quiet, away they went down the dusty road, across the river, and into the fields. They had made no preparations, and taken no provisions. "If we are to do the thing at all," Harry said, "we must do it properly, and Robinson Crusoe had positively nothing when he was first cast on the island, and we will start quite fair with him."

After some hours' wanderings they began to feel hungry, but they had to content themselves with a handful of blackberries, and then they made a little nest in a hay-cock, and rested awhile.

On resuming their journey they saw a man sitting under a shady tree, and they thought they would ask him where the



field-path led to; and when they had asked him and he had told them, they began to talk to the man about other matters, until by degrees they had imparted to him—in strict confidence, of course—what was the object of their journey. When he heard they were going to seek adventures as Crusoe did, he smiled.

“Poor old Robinson Crusoe,”
he began to sing;

“Poor old Robinson Crusoe!
They made him a coat
Of an old Nanny goat—
I wonder how they could do so!
With a ring, a ting, tang,
And a ring, a ting, tang,
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!”

And then he spoke earnestly to the children, and told them of his own adventures and perils, and of all the hardships he had himself undergone in consequence of his foolishness in running away from home to go to sea. And when he had finished, I don't know how it was, but Harry and Ada both set their faces homeward, and glad enough they were to get there, I can tell you.

A RHYME IN SEASON.

TIME for work and time for play!
Every mood may have its day!
Laugh and smile when you have reason!
But you can't be always gay;
Dull November follows May;
Life must have its serious season.



GETTING UP.

"SEVEN o'clock!" says nurse at the door.

Kate lifts not her drowsy head.

"Eight o'clock!" says nurse once more,

But Katie is still in bed.

"Nine o'clock!" says nurse with a frown.

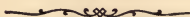
Kate opens one sleepy eye.

Ten o'clock and Katie comes down,

And the sun is high up in the sky!

Alas! alas! when the day is half done

Katie's work is but just begun.



MISCHIEVOUS DICK.

A TERRIBLE boy was mischievous Dick,
Ripe for all manner of meddlesome trick:
Teasing his sisters or breaking their toys,
Annoying his elders by making a noise,
Apparently thinking it very great fun
To be thought a nuisance by every one.

When his sisters were playing at croquet one day
Master Dick came rushing along that way,
With a face of alarm, and breathlessly said,
"Your kitten is burnt, and I think she is dead!"
'Tis needless to add the tale was a hoax:
'Twas only an instance of Master Dick's jokes.



In the kitchen one morn, when the servants were out,
Dick and a sister were playing about;
Dick broke a jug, and thought it a game
To leave his sister to bear all the blame!
He never felt that his conduct was mean,
Nor saw himself as he was seen!

Oh, a terrible boy was mischievous Dick!
Ripe for all manner of meddlesome trick:
Teasing his sisters, or breaking their toys,
Creating disturbance, and making a noise,
Apparently thinking it very great fun
To be thought a nuisance by every one!



THE STORY OF FASTIDIUS AND MISERRIMA.

"You'RE never contented," said Ada to Frank, as they sat on the window-sill one summer morning eating their porridge. "You've evidently never heard of the dreadful fate that overtook Fastidius and Miserrima, or you would not grumble quite so much."

"Well, what about Fastidius and Miserrima?" asked Frank.

"I will tell you," said Ada, "if you will listen attentively."

"Once upon a time there lived a brother and sister named Fastidius and Miserrima. They were always discontented, and would sit for hours grumbling and crying because they could not do everything exactly as they wished. One day



they were sitting back to back on the wall of their garden, crying because—what do you think?—because they could not fly like the birds in the air. One of the clouds in the sky gradually assumed the form of a huge giant, and floated down towards them.

“‘So you want to fly, do you?’ said the cloud-spirit. ‘Very well, so you shall.’

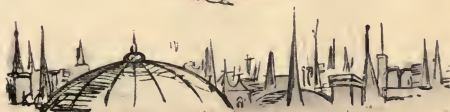
“And immediately Fastidius and Miserrima found themselves sitting on two little mats borne aloft by birds, and then away they soared, over houses, and trees, and woods, and mountains, while the little birds sang—

‘He who will fly over-high
Will repent it by-and-by.’

“Miserrima seemed to repent at once, for her hair stood on end with fright, while Fastidius was not much better. But the worst remains to be told. According to the story, Fastidius and Miserrima are still floating about above the earth, and they can never rest or stand on the firm ground again. They wanted to fly, and they had their way at last.”

“That is the story,” said Ada with a very solemn air, “and I hope it will teach you a lesson, Master Frank. Never grumble, never be discontented, never wish for anything you cannot have, or you may meet the terrible fate of Fastidius and Miserrima.

‘Never grumble at your lot,
Never want what you have not;
Better far contented rest,
Trusting what befalls is best.’”



GOOD-BYE.

GOOD-BYE ! good-bye ! the day is done,
And the world is seeking its rest !
Good-bye, good-bye to the fading sun,
Good-bye to the birds in the nest !
Good-bye, good-bye to the children all,
Who have journeyed with me so long ;
Good-bye, good-bye to you, large and small !
Good-bye to story and song !





I hear them rush, and see them fly
Swift through the silent places ;
Their laughter rings from the rafters high,
And echoes through empty spaces.
I hear them dance, and hear them sing—
Each little son and daughter—
Old cavalier songs of the absent king—
The king who was over the water—
The king who, they thought, would come again
In the new years bright and golden,
In a blaze of triumph to rule and reign
(In days that *now* are olden).

And one little couple I plainly see,
Small hand small hand firm grasping,
With a loving touch of sympathy,
Like tendrils interclasping.
Some secret deep they seem to share,
Some plot or plan they're weaving ;
Else why do they stand in converse there,
The other children leaving ?
Ah well ! ah well ! we never can tell,
For the faces are only gleaming
In frames, after all, on the old oak wall ;
They *are* pictures, and I have been dreaming !





WHERE TWO WAYS MEET.

WHERE two ways meet the children stand,
A broad fair road on either hand ;
One leads to Right, and one to Wrong :
So runs the song.

Which will you choose, each lass and lad ?
The right or left, the good or bad ?
One leads to Right, and one to Wrong :
So runs the song.

TWO YOUNG CRUSOES.

HARRY and Ada had been reading the wonderful story of Robinson Crusoe, and nothing would satisfy them but that they, too, should set out on a series of similar adventures. So, one day, when the house was quiet, away they went down the dusty road, across the river, and into the fields. They had made no preparations, and taken no provisions. "If we are to do the thing at all," Harry said, "we must do it properly, and Robinson Crusoe had positively nothing when he was first cast on the island, and we will start quite fair with him."

After some hours' wanderings they began to feel hungry, but they had to content themselves with a handful of blackberries, and then they made a little nest in a hay-cock, and rested awhile.

On resuming their journey they saw a man sitting under a shady tree, and they thought they would ask him where the



field-path led to; and when they had asked him and he had told them, they began to talk to the man about other matters, until by degrees they had imparted to him—in strict confidence, of course—what was the object of their journey. When he heard they were going to seek adventures as Crusoe did, he smiled.

“Poor old Robinson Crusoe,”
he began to sing;

“Poor old Robinson Crusoe!
They made him a coat
Of an old Nanny goat—
I wonder how they could do so!
With a ring, a ting, tang,
And a ring, a ting, tang,
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!”

And then he spoke earnestly to the children, and told them of his own adventures and perils, and of all the hardships he had himself undergone in consequence of his foolishness in running away from home to go to sea. And when he had finished, I don't know how it was, but Harry and Ada both set their faces homeward, and glad enough they were to get there, I can tell you.

A RHYME IN SEASON.

TIME for work and time for play!
Every mood may have its day!
Laugh and smile when you have reason!
But you can't be always gay;
Dull November follows May;
Life must have its serious season.



GETTING UP.

"SEVEN o'clock!" says nurse at the door.

Kate lifts not her drowsy head.

"Eight o'clock!" says nurse once more,

But Katie is still in bed.

"Nine o'clock!" says nurse with a frown.

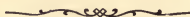
Kate opens one sleepy eye.

Ten o'clock and Katie comes down,

And the sun is high up in the sky!

Alas! alas! when the day is half done

Katie's work is but just begun.



MISCHIEVOUS DICK.

A TERRIBLE boy was mischievous Dick,
Ripe for all manner of meddlesome trick:
Teasing his sisters or breaking their toys,
Annoying his elders by making a noise,
Apparently thinking it very great fun
To be thought a nuisance by every one.

When his sisters were playing at croquet one day
Master Dick came rushing along that way,
With a face of alarm, and breathlessly said,
"Your kitten is burnt, and I think she is dead!"
'Tis needless to add the tale was a hoax:
'Twas only an instance of Master Dick's jokes.



In the kitchen one morn, when the servants were out,
Dick and a sister were playing about;
Dick broke a jug, and thought it a game
To leave his sister to bear all the blame!
He never felt that his conduct was mean,
Nor saw himself as he was seen!

Oh, a terrible boy was mischievous Dick!
Ripe for all manner of meddlesome trick:
Teasing his sisters, or breaking their toys,
Creating disturbance, and making a noise,
Apparently thinking it very great fun
To be thought a nuisance by every one!



THE STORY OF FASTIDIUS AND MISERRIMA.

"You'RE never contented," said Ada to Frank, as they sat on the window-sill one summer morning eating their porridge. "You've evidently never heard of the dreadful fate that overtook Fastidius and Miserrima, or you would not grumble quite so much."

"Well, what about Fastidius and Miserrima?" asked Frank.

"I will tell you," said Ada, "if you will listen attentively."

"Once upon a time there lived a brother and sister named Fastidius and Miserrima. They were always discontented, and would sit for hours grumbling and crying because they could not do everything exactly as they wished. One day



they were sitting back to back on the wall of their garden, crying because—what do you think?—because they could not fly like the birds in the air. One of the clouds in the sky gradually assumed the form of a huge giant, and floated down towards them.

“‘So you want to fly, do you?’ said the cloud-spirit. ‘Very well, so you shall.’

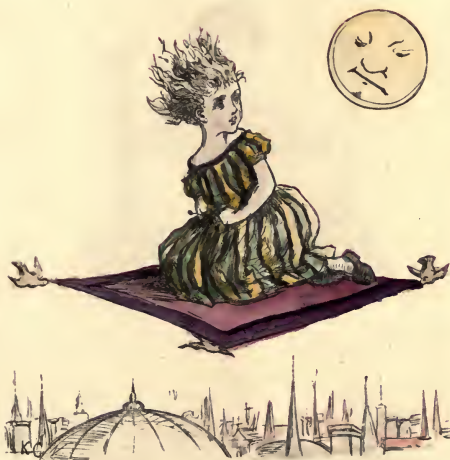
“And immediately Fastidius and Miserrima found themselves sitting on two little mats borne aloft by birds, and then away they soared, over houses, and trees, and woods, and mountains, while the little birds sang—

‘He who will fly over-high
Will repent it by-and-by.’

“Miserrima seemed to repent at once, for her hair stood on end with fright, while Fastidius was not much better. But the worst remains to be told. According to the story, Fastidius and Miserrima are still floating about above the earth, and they can never rest or stand on the firm ground again. They wanted to fly, and they had their way at last.”

“That is the story,” said Ada with a very solemn air, “and I hope it will teach you a lesson, Master Frank. Never grumble, never be discontented, never wish for anything you cannot have, or you may meet the terrible fate of Fastidius and Miserrima.

‘Never grumble at your lot,
Never want what you have not;
Better far contented rest,
Trusting what befalls is best.’”



GOOD-BYE.

GOOD-BYE ! good-bye ! the day is done,
And the world is seeking its rest !
Good-bye, good-bye to the fading sun,
Good-bye to the birds in the nest !
Good-bye, good-bye to the children all,
Who have journeyed with me so long ;
Good-bye, good-bye to you, large and small !
Good-bye to story and song !



THE "LITTLE FOLKS"
PAINTING BOOK.

A SERIES OF
OUTLINE ENGRAVINGS FOR WATER-COLOUR PAINTING,

By KATE GREENAWAY,

WITH DESCRIPTIVE STORIES AND VERSES BY GEORGE WEATHERLY.



CASSELL PETER & GALPIN:

LONDON, PARIS & NEW YORK.

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Preface.



THE "LITTLE FOLKS" PAINTING BOOK is essentially what its title implies—a book of pictures, to be coloured by young people. The majority of the sketches, which exceed a hundred in number, are in outline, and all are especially adapted for painting in water-colours. The Frontispiece has been coloured by hand, to show in some measure how the rest of the book may be painted. It is, of course, apparent that, in a book of this description, the talents of young artists must be chiefly directed to the fitting choice of colours, and their harmonious arrangement.

But it was felt that such a Painting Book might well be more than a mere book of pictures: that the illustrations might with advantage be accompanied by stories and verses, which should serve a double purpose, being both explanatory of the characters and incidents, and therefore useful to the young artist, and at the same time interesting to readers, who might not themselves be engaged in colouring the pictures. The book, therefore, assumed its present form, and it is hoped that the stories and verses herein contained may have some enduring interest of their own, apart altogether from the original purpose of the book.

Two of the stories, *i.e.*, "The Raven's Riddle: a Tale of Magic and Meaning;" and "Lost and Found: The Story of a Wonderful Journey," have already appeared in a modified form in "LITTLE FOLKS" Magazine. The remaining stories and verses are published now for the first time.

It remains to mention that Special Prize Competitions for colouring this book have been instituted in connection with "LITTLE FOLKS" Magazine, in which Prizes in Money and Medals in Silver and Bronze are offered for competition. A noteworthy feature of the scheme consists in the fact that all coloured books sent to the Editor of the Magazine will, at the close of the Competition, be distributed among the little sick inmates of the Children's Hospitals. It is hoped that by

this means some thousands of Picture Books—more attractive than Scrap Albums, and especially interesting as having been coloured by children—may be provided for the amusement of little ones during their weary hours in the hospital. Full particulars of these Competitions are announced in the number of “LITTLE FOLKS” Magazine for March, 1879.

N.B.—At the end of this Book will be found full directions for mixing colours, &c. These are published in connection with the “LITTLE FOLKS” Fine Art Moist Colour Box, which has been prepared specially for this book.



FIVE LITTLE RHYMES.

I.

LITTLE lass and laddie there,
Blowing bubbles light as
air

All the day ;
Is there nothing you can
do ?
Nothing noble, nothing true,
In your way ?

Work there is for every
one !
Duties you have left un-
done
Wait you still !
Do your duty ; do the right : ,
Then blow bubbles fairy-light
If you will.

II.

Three little boys,
So chubby and neat,
Sat on a doorstep,
Out in the street ;
Each of them wishing, as boys will
do,
Wishing for something wondrous
and new.

Three little boys,
Grown old and grey,
Sitting at home
On a winter's day ;
Each of them wishing, still wishing,
alas !
For something that never would
come to pass.

III.

Right ! left ! Right ! left ! point your toes so merrily !
Right ! left ! Right ! left ! keeping time so cheerily !
With cheery hearts and faces gay, Speed the merry hours away !

IV.

Butterfly, butterfly, on a sun-
flower,
What are you doing, I pray ?
Come here and whisper, if you have
the power,
Where you have been to-day.
And where did you hide from the
force of the shower ?
And when are you going away ?

V.

Two little old women sat working
one day !
Knit ! knit ! knit !
And one was cross and the other
was gay !
Knit ! knit ! knit !
While the hours and years run fast
away,
Flit ! flit ! flit !



A NUTTING SONG. •

Oh, but the nuts are so brown in the wood—
Out in the wood, the glad autumn wood—
And the children have trooped forth in rollicking mood,
Some clad in tippet and some clad in hood,
After the nuts so brown in the wood,
After the nuts so brown.

Oh, but the nuts are so ripe on the tree—
Up in the tree, the green hazel tree—
And bright little eyes smile the clusters to see,
And fat little hands clasp the branches with glee,
Seeking the nuts so ripe on the tree,
Seeking the nuts so brown.

Oh, but the nuts are so high on the bough—
Up on the bough, the heavy-branched bough—
And short little arms cannot get them, I trow!
"By hook or by crook" they are reaching them now,
Reaching the nuts so high on the bough,
Reaching the nuts so brown.

Oh, but the nuts were so brown in the wood—
Out in the wood, the glad autumn wood—
And the children have trooped home in quieter mood,
Some of them fretful, and some of them good,
All of them laden with nuts from the wood,
Laden with nuts so brown.



SUNBEAM, HILARY, AND LACRYMOSUS.

THEY were brother and sisters, and when they were asleep they were wonderfully like one another—the same eyes, and nose, and mouth, the same fat ruddy cheeks. But when they were awake you would not have guessed that they were brother and sisters at all! The truth was, that Hilary and Sunbeam were always laughing, while their brother Lacrymosus was always crying. And therein lay the secret of their changed faces asleep and awake; for it's not very easy to laugh or to cry when you're asleep, I can assure you.

Now it happened that one day, when Hilary and Sunbeam and Lacrymosus were sitting on the garden wall, amusing themselves in the usual way—namely, by laughing and crying—they all three fell asleep, and they all dreamt the same strange dream. They dreamt that they saw in the garden beneath them a little boy and girl about their own age, but dressed in quaint clothes of some long-ago time, and that one of them was laughing and the other crying. But suddenly a queer little sprite, looking very much like an inverted flower-pot, made his appearance, and at sight of him both the children were awed into silence. "Don't be afraid," said he, "but follow me!" And immediately the scene changed, and they were standing in the courtyard of a large castle, and were watching the antics of a little girl who was dancing some strange dance with a merry-looking old dame. At first the little girl's face was very grave and solemn, but as she danced it grew brighter and brighter, until at last she was positively laughing with glee, and her eyes twinkled merrily. The children looked at the



THREE LITTLE FISHES.

THREE little fishes leapt in the sun,
 Just as the joyous June day had begun :
 Leapt in the sunshine and frolicked with glee,
 Poor little three !

A glad little maiden sat in the sun—
 Sat on the bridge when the day had begun,
 Angling for fishes, large, small, or wee,
 All she could see.

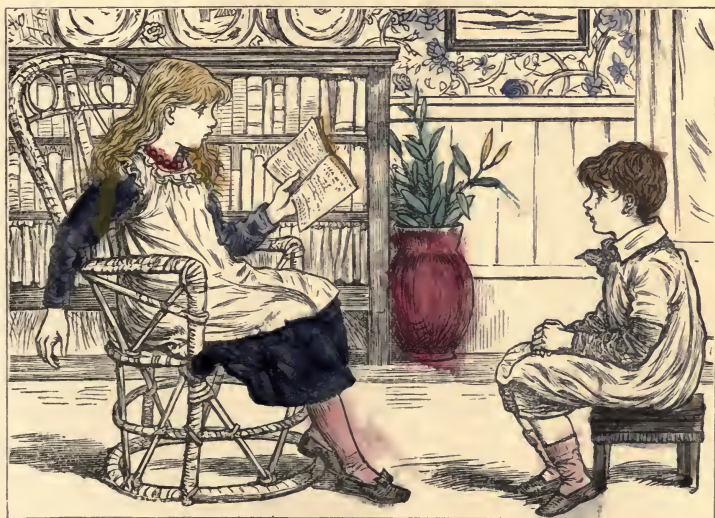
Three little fishes leapt in the sun,
 Thinking the fishing was very great fun ;
 "We're not to be caught ! oh no, not we !"
 Wise little three !

Three little fishes leapt in the sun ;
 The little lass hooked them one by one !
 The bait was too tempting for them, you see,
 Poor little three !



WONDERLAND.

HAVE you ever been to Wonderland,	Would you like to go to Wonderland,
To Wonderland, to Wonderland ?	To Wonderland, to Wonderland ?
Have you ever seen the heroes grand—	Then sit by me, and, book in hand,
The giants and gnomes,	We'll read and read,
The fairy homes	And be indeed
Of the dwellers in Wonderland?	With the dwellers in Wonderland.



THE RAVEN'S RIDDLE.

A TALE OF MAGIC AND MEANING.

It was a warm sunny afternoon in August, and Madge and Mabel were wandering disconsolately round a large rambling garden, while Nurse sat in an old-fashioned arm-chair on the prim lawn and sipped her tea contentedly. Madge and Mabel had been tired of lessons in the morning, and now, in the afternoon, they were tired of play. Like "the old woman who lived in a shoe"—though from a very different cause—they "didn't know what to do;" and Nurse, as she watched them, soon saw what was the matter. "Come here, children," said she, "and I will read you a little story."

THE RAVEN'S RIDDLE.

"I can't make it out at all," said Toby, as he stood, deep in thought, sucking his fat little thumb.

"Can't make what out?" croaked the raven at his feet.

Toby looked down in surprise when the bird spoke; he was so astonished that he did not know how to reply. But the raven only looked at him calmly, and again croaked forth, "Can't make what out?"

"It's just this," said Toby at length: "Why are some people so happy, having all they want, and with nice things to eat every day? and why am I so miserable, getting nothing but porridge? It's just that!" wound up Toby, looking fixedly at the raven, as though he *had* set him a poser.

"Ha! ha!" croaked the raven. "I'll give you a riddle,



and when you've found it out, you'll have found the answer to your question also :—

‘Gold, gold, and better than gold,
Known now, and known of old ;
In me you'll find, if you're inclined,
Happiness, health, joy, and wealth.’ ”

And having truly set Toby a poser, the raven hopped away.

“I'll give it up!” said Toby at length, after he had long pondered the matter. “I'll ask Tim in to see if he can find it out.” And away Toby went.

In due time back he came with his friend Tim, and when they were both seated comfortably, with steaming bowls of porridge before them, Toby propounded the raven's riddle. The question was such a poser that Tim paused in dire perplexity, with a spoonful of porridge mid-way between the bowl and his mouth.

“I have it!” at last he said, excitedly. “We're to go in search of gold; for didn't the raven say ‘Gold, gold?’”

“Ah! but,” replied Toby doubtfully, “how about ‘better than gold?’”

“Of course much gold is better than little gold; and that's where the riddle is, depend upon it,” rejoined Tim, decisively.

“Then we'll start at once,” said Toby, quite satisfied; “and we'll get Tony Welter to come with us.”

Away went the three friends, bent on the search for the mystic gold, which, as they supposed, was to bring them, in a very short time, in the words of the raven's riddle—“Happiness, health, joy, and wealth.” On they trudged, over marsh and mere, over hill and dale, through forests and woods,



in storm and sunshine, in cold and heat; but all in vain. They seemed to be no nearer the end of their search. Instead of happy and healthy, joyous and wealthy, they were ragged and footsore, hungry and tired, and sick at heart, too, with disappointment at their non-success.

At length one day, when the three little limping figures were dragging wearily along hand in hand, they came in sight of a farmyard, rich with ricks of sweet-smelling hay, and joyous with cackling of hens, and quacking of ducks, and lowing of cattle. On the gate of the home-field a boy was swinging merrily, as though he had not a care in the world. In the field itself a little girl was sitting under a tree fast asleep; and lower down, where the dusty road wound towards the village, a boy was driving a pig home from the market, and two little children were gazing in open-mouthed wonder, watching the boy's efforts to induce the pig to move.

"Oh, dear, if we could only get to the end of our wandering!" said Toby. Just then the three friends passed the farmyard pump, where two little girls were hard at work: one of them pumping up the water, and the other drawing it off in pitchers. How blithe they seemed; and, dear me! whatever was that they were singing?—

"Work, work, with all your might,
Never be idle from morn till night;
For nothing in all the world can compare
With honest labour, free from care.
And every one knows it is better than gold,
It's known now, and was known of old.
Happiness, health, joy, and wealth,
All come from labour, we've been told."



"Hurrah!" shouted Toby and Tim and Tony simultaneously; "we've found it at length. Our troubles are all over. It's labour the raven meant; and now we'll go home and see if the raven and the little girls have spoken truly."

And lo! the words were hardly out of their mouths before they turned a corner of the road, and there were their own homes in sight. Were their troubles really over? Or were they all dreaming? and would they soon awake to find themselves still trudging wearily over hill and dale?

* * * * *

"How strange!" said Toby, rubbing his eyes. "Have I been dreaming?" For there was the raven looking at him very sagely, not saying anything, but croaking as usual; and there was Toby lying on the floor of the cottage. "Why I *must* have dreamt it all," said he.

And, between you and me, so he had; but he learnt a lesson from his dream, after all, and profited by it: for he proved to his friends, in after years, how in honest labour indeed may be found "Happiness, health, joy, and wealth." If *you* don't quite believe in the raven's advice, try it, and then judge for yourselves.

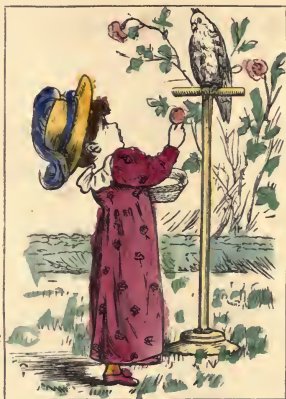
"And that's the end of the story," said Nurse. Madge and Mabel looked at one another rather shame-facedly, but said nothing. The story was not forgotten by the children, however; for a week or two after, when their baby brother was very troublesome, Madge was overheard telling him the story with a great deal of emphasis, and though *he* could scarcely understand the meaning of it, it was very evident *she* did.



A YOUNG TURK.

He *was* a young Turk, there could be no doubt about it! He was always in mischief—always doing something wrong, always neglecting what was right. His sister Madge had a green parrot, of which she was very fond; but if ever she happened to be feeding or petting it, up would come Chubby, and quietly commence to pull a long feather out of its tail. And when he had succeeded in making Madge angry and miserable, away he would go in search of further mischief. One day Chubby met a little girl bowling a hoop in the lane near his father's house, and he seemed to think it great fun to make his dog Nero bark at the little girl, and frighten her so that she dropped her hoop and ran away. And then, with a laugh, Chubby threw the hoop in the pond, and went home rejoicing. What do you think could be done with a boy like that? He was scolded and punished, but it was all of no avail, and his sisters looked upon him as incorrigible.

But one day Chubby's cousin Violet came to stay at the house, and when she heard of his cruel and disagreeable ways she was very grieved, and determined to try her best to improve him. And this was how she began. Instead of scolding him, or even quietly ignoring him, as though she looked upon him as altogether bad, she would talk to him kindly, and play with him, and try to amuse him and keep him out of mischief. And week by week Chubby improved. He was only a little boy, and his heart was touched by Violet's kindness; and from that time he grew so much nicer that at last his sisters were quite proud of him.



A WONDERFUL PIE.

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD RHYME.

SING a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye;
Four-and-twenty snowballs
Baked in a pie!
When the pie was opened
The snow had gone away.
Wasn't that a pretty dish
To have on Christmas Day?

A TEA-PARTY.

<i>Twice one are two :</i>	<i>Twice one are two :</i>
<i>He :</i> "Yes, tea will do!"	<i>She :</i> "More milk for you?"
<i>Twice two are four :</i>	<i>Twice two are four :</i>
<i>She :</i> "Just one cup more?"	<i>He :</i> "Not any more,"
<i>Twice three are six :</i>	<i>Twice three are six :</i>
<i>He :</i> "Sugar won't mix!"	"Miss Beatrix."
<i>Twice four are eight :</i>	<i>Twice four are eight :</i>
<i>She :</i> "Stir it and wait."	"It's getting late!"
<i>Twice five are ten :</i>	<i>Twice five are ten :</i>
"And it will then!"	<i>She :</i> "Clear away, then!"



THE CHILDREN'S PATIENT.

FIVE merry faces looked over a wall;
What could they see, I wonder?
A lame little bird, and that was all,
Lying the flowers under.

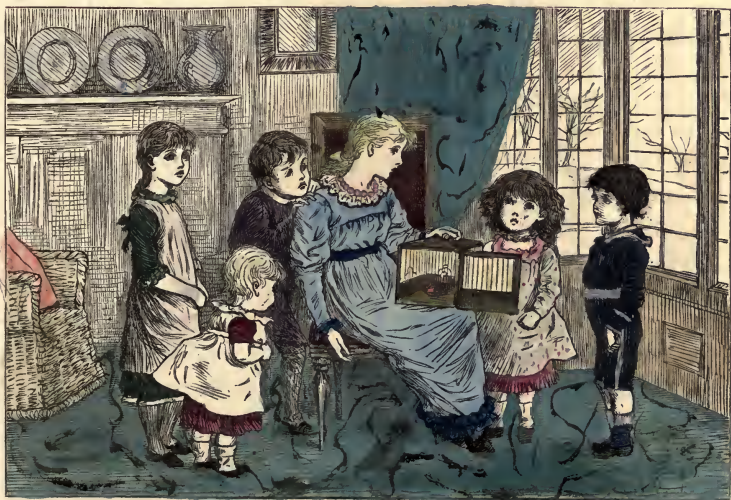
Five merry faces grew very grave,
Down from the wall-top peeping;
The poor little bird they would like to save,
So they took him in safe keeping.

"Poor little bird in your cage of gold,
Do you like your home, we wonder?
Or would you rather be out in the cold?
And can we have made a blunder?"

"Dear little bird! we wish you well;
Why can't you grow a bit stronger?
Then we'll open the door and away you shall sail,
A captive bird no longer!"

But the poor little bird in its cage of gold
Was never to grow and strengthen;
And it cared not at all its days to hold,
It cared not the time to lengthen.

When the children came one sad, sad day,
The bird lay still and quiet;
And grave were the faces that late were gay,
And hushed were the games and riot.



THE CAT AND THE CARROT.

"How would you like it yourself?" said the carrot.

"Like what?" asked Gertie, in open-eyed wonder.

"Why, how would you like to have a nasty cruel fork thrust into your sides, and then to be torn away from your comfortable home in the warm earth, and to be left to freeze in a cold cellar? Here have I been kept in the darkness, trying so hard to sprout, and to look green and pleasant, but it has been all in vain? How would you like it yourself?" repeated the carrot, in an injured and plaintive tone.

Gertie was puzzled to know how to show her sympathy. "I didn't know you could feel it," at length she replied.

"Other people have feelings besides yourself," said the carrot, with a world of reproach in his voice.

* * * * *

"You've eaten it all up, and haven't left me a bit!" said the cat.

"So I have!" said Gertie, sorrowfully. "But I didn't know you were hungry, or I would have offered you some."

"But you ought to have known," replied the cat, "and that is why I blame you. You're too thoughtless, and you forget that other people have feelings besides yourself."

"Oh dear," thought Gertie, "the cat and the carrot seem to have agreed that I am dreadfully selfish, and I try so hard not to be. But I suppose I am, or they wouldn't say so."

But just then a soft voice whispered this song in her ears, and she felt much happier afterwards—

"Little Gertie, never mind;
Go on trying to be kind!

Though your efforts none requite,
Always try to do the right!"



THE FAIRY FLOWER.

THE red sun set with a laughing smile,
And Rose in the garden lingered awhile.
She had read a tale of a fairy flower
Endowed at eve with magical power,
So that its owner could have at will
Whatever he wished for, good or ill;
And she almost hoped the summer wind
Would show her this flower so hard to find.
But all in vain her search begun :
Then, half in earnest, half in fun,
She placed her doll in a leafy bower,
And tried to think it the fairy flower.
And was it fancy? Was it the breeze?
Or did the doll really speak words like these?—
"Beware of the flower with magic spell!
List to a tale of what befell
A discontented girl like you,
Who found the flower of gold and blue,
And wished at once that she might play
With golden balls the live-long day.
Alas! allowed to have her way,
She found that rest could reach her never;
With golden balls she'd play *for ever!*
And now, poor child! the whole day long
She tosses balls, and sings this song —
 '*Contentment* makes one glad and gay;
Ah me! ah me! and well-a-day!'"



A PAGE OF PORTRAITS.

*Some little folk whom many a time
You've met in ancient nursery rhyme.*

I.

A LASS with face demure and
sweet,
With sunny smile and tripping feet:
The little maiden all forlorn,
Who milked the cow with
the crumpled horn.

II.

A strange old-fashioned lad
and lass,
Who through the village
market pass:
Oh, Jack and Jill, of famed
renown,
Why need you both have
tumbled down?

III.

Four quaint maidens who dance all day,
Tripping the merry hours away:
Four of the children who lived in a shoe;
So the rhyme says—do you think it's true?

IV.

A little lad in hat so flat,
A little lass in green:
Jack Sprat who ate no
fat,
His wife who ate no
lean.

V.

Three children dancing on
the ice
Upon a morn in May:
The ice fell in, they all fell
out,
And anger gained the day.



LOST AND FOUND.

THE STORY OF A WONDERFUL JOURNEY.

I.

Put's mother was poor, very poor; Put's mother was ill, very ill; and Put's heart was troubled, very troubled, in consequence. For Put's was a very tender and loving little heart, and very brave withal, notwithstanding the fact that Put was only five years old. And when the doctor said that Put's mother wanted better food, and careful nursing, and that then she would get better, Put, although he had but a vague idea what it all meant, determined to do what he could in the matter.

But how to set about it: that was the question that puzzled him, as he sat pondering over the doctor's words in the little garden in front of their cottage. That he must take a journey to get what he wanted seemed certain: there was no doubt about it in his mind. This was not what puzzled him, but the question—what was his mother to do if he went? for she had only himself to look after her; and how *could* she manage without him?

While Put was trying to think of some plan by which he might attain his object and set out on his wonderful journey, a little girl came out of the next cottage. At the sight of her Put seemed to see his way clear.

"Ken," said he, in a mysterious whisper, "I am going on a journey; I mean to start this very morning, and you must not tell any one for hours, and hours, and hours! And then, while I'm away I want you to look after mother; and if I



don't get back before it's dark"—Put's heart seemed to quail a little as he said it—"tell her I've gone to get what the doctor said she wanted. Do you hear, Ken?"

"I hear, Put," said Ken, rather doubtfully; "but, but——," and here Ken burst into tears, and throwing her little arms round Put's neck, sobbed out, "Oh, Put! why do you want to go? you'll be lost, or——," but her thoughts were too much for her, and she gave herself up to unrestrained grief.

"Hush, Ken!" said Put, trying with all his might to keep back the tears that *would* trickle down his own cheeks. "Mother says we must all do our duty, and I must do mine;" this last trying to look very pompous.

Put's logic was too much for Ken; she dried her eyes and tried to look cheerful while Put gave her his final directions, all of which she promised to attend to most faithfully. Then, having put a piece of bread in his pocket, he set out on his travels, and Ken went in-doors and wept bitterly.

II.

The sun was setting slowly in the west, and Put was still tramping along, although he was beginning to feel very tired and hungry.

Presently he saw, a little way ahead of him, a boy minding some sheep, and a little girl making a daisy chain.

"I will ask them the way," said Put; and then for the first time he recognised the fact that he did not know where he was going.

"It's no good asking," thought Put; "I dare say it'll all come right if I walk on;" and the poor tired little limbs were



in motion once more, and the brave little figure trudged wearily on.

He was following the beaten pathway across some fields, when close by a stile he saw a little boy, younger even than himself. His heart was longing, oh! so much, for sympathy and companionship, so he stooped down and gently kissed the little one. But when the child in return put one arm lovingly round Put's neck, Put's heart failed him; the sense of his own utter loneliness was too much for him, and he burst into tears. His little companion didn't seem at all able to understand it, but stood watching Put very solemnly, and at last, as though a sudden idea of the real state of the case had flashed upon him, he said, "When me naughty, me say, 'Pray, God, b'ess me, an' make me a good ickle boy, Amen,'" and then away he trotted off home across the fields, and Put was alone once more.

Then, although he did not feel himself to be a naughty boy, he followed the little boy's advice, and, kneeling down by the hedge-bank, he said his prayers, just as he would have done at home at his mother's knee. And then, laying his wee weary head on the bank, he fell asleep.

III.

What a queer little fellow he looked as he trudged along next morning! So thought a little girl, who stood at a cottage watching him crossing the fields. He seemed *so* little and *so* forlorn that she went to meet him, and she looked so kind and so gentle that he told her his story, and how hungry he was. Strange to say, the little girl sobbed as he told his tale, and



put her arms around him and led him home. At the garden gate, her sister, who had been playing at horses with her little brother, came out to meet them, and when she heard of Put's journey and night on the hedge-bank, why, dear me! the tears came into her eyes too. Then the two sisters led him in-doors, and gave him some hot bread-and-milk. They were left in charge of the cottage, they told Put, for father had gone to work, and mother "sleeps with the flowers under the grass in the mossy churchyard."

Having finished his breakfast, Put thought of his mission once more, and prepared to set out. His new-made friends were very loth to let him go, but the thought of his mother urged him on; so he bade his little hostesses farewell, and again started on his search, confident that he *must* succeed in the end.

IV.

The day had been very hot and baking, and the sultry afternoon was drawing to its close as Put, very thirsty and very footsore, limped wearily along a dusty lane. As he passed along sounds of grief met his ears, and, looking over the hedge, he saw two little figures sobbing as though their hearts would break.

"What's the matter?" said Put, feeling quite like a man, compared with these mites.

"Boo-oo-oo-oo, we've lost our way," said the mites together.

"Come with me," said Put, grandly; "I'll take care of you." And Put, tired as he was, took one of the mites in either hand, and the trio set out.



After some time they reached the outskirts of a large town, and as they were passing down a long straggling street, suddenly one of the mites uttered a cry of joy, and a huge black dog rushed up, with loud barks and many signs of delight. A carriage containing a lady and gentleman soon followed, and the mites were at once in safe hands. "Pa and ma," they explained to Put, who began to feel very sad again, and a strange lump seemed to rise in his throat as he thought that once more he must go on his way alone.

When the mites had told their story they heard of the trouble their disappearance had caused: how their absence from home had been first discovered by the gardener's boy, who told Frank and Kate (the mite's elder brother and sister) that he "thought he had seen little master and miss wandering through the carriage gates into the road;" how Frank and Kate had grieved over their loss, and how in their parent's absence they had started off in different directions seeking them: how the gardener's boy had at last heard of them from a girl in a roadside cottage, and told their parents, who had just reached home, and who at once started in their track.

Next Put had to tell *his* story, and when he spoke of the setting out, the mites' father and mother laughed heartily, but when he told of his hunger and weariness, and his night on the hedge-bank, they looked as though they meant to cry, as the little girls had done before. Put couldn't make it out at all.

But the end of it all was that Put was taken into the carriage with the mites, and, after calling at a large house, away they started for Put's home.



What need to tell of the joy and thankfulness of Put's mother when she saw him return safe and sound, and of Ken's delight to get her little playfellow again, and to deliver up to him her trust, which she had executed so faithfully while he had been away? And how tell of all the good things that came out of a huge hamper in the carriage, and were taken in to Put's mother, and of the good nurse that the mites' parents sent next day, and then of the pleasant journey to the seaside when Put's mother grew better—she, and Put, and Ken, all together? All these things, little readers, you must imagine for yourselves. When I last saw Put, he was lying on the sand, and saying to Ken—

"It came right, after all, you see. I knew I must go on a journey to get what mother wanted."

THREE PET FROGS.

(To the tune of "Three Blind Mice.")

THREE pet frogs! three pet frogs!

See how they stand!

They all stand up in a queer little ring,

And they dance and they croak and try hard to sing;

Did ever you see such a wonderful thing

As three pet frogs?



TO A FISH.

SPARKLE, sparkle, little fish ;
Would we had you on a dish
Nicely cooked, you then would lie
Like a pigeon in a pie !

Sparkle, sparkle, little one !
How I wonder if the fun
Cooking seems to me and Belle
Would be fun to you as well ?

Flash and sparkle, little fish !
To be cooked is not your wish ;
So beneath the waves so deep
Happy freedom you may keep.

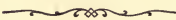
OVER THE SEA.

Over the sea,
Over the sea,
Away we go sailing merrily !
Towed by a fish with a line in its mouth,
Sailing away in a tub to the south !
Over the sea,
Over the sea,
Sailing away so merrily !



THE EAST WIND.

THE wind blew coldly through the streets,
And laughed in people's faces,
As if he would say, "I've caught you to-day,
And enjoy your stern grimaces!"
But the children smiled, and laughing said,
"We like to hear you bellow;
For, with furs and muff, it is easy enough
To hide from you, old fellow!"



THE BRIDGE OF DEE.

UPON the bridge, upon the bridge
That crossed the river Dee,
A little lass, a little lass
Stood weeping silently.

A little laddie crossed the bridge—
The bridge above the Dee—
And the little lassie dried her eyes,
And smiled right merrily.



LITTLE MISS PRIDE.

LITTLE Miss Pride
Loved her own face ;
Looked in the glass
To study its grace !
Oh, woe betide
Little Miss Pride !



A DOLL'S WEDDING.

"THE favour of your company
Is earnestly requested
At a wedding-party, Tuesday next.
The parties interested
Will wed at half-past ten o'clock,
And not a moment later.
N.B.—Be sure you come in-time.
(Signed) Johnny Rex the Greater."

So ran the invitations :
Quick ran the children in.
And merry was the party,
And noisy was the din,
When Jacko married Chloe,
And all the words were said,
And when the nursery bells were rung
To show the dolls were wed.



THE POT AND THE KETTLE.

SAID Jack to the kettle—
"Your blackened old metal
Ought by rights to be bright!
Pray get out of my sight!"

Said the kettle to Jack—
"Which of us is most black—
You the pot, I the kettle—
Would be hard thing to settle!"



HEY, DIDDLE, DIDDLE!

"*The dish ran away with the spoon,*" said May;
"Oh dear, that is silly indeed:
For dishes can't go from their places, I know,
Much less run away at full speed!"

Then she lifted her eyes and, to her surprise,
The dishes and jugs all had faces;
And each dish itself stepped down from the shelf,
And the plates began to run races.

And an old jug kept time to the wonderful rhyme
Of the cow jumping over the moon.
"Hey, diddle, diddle!" squeaked he in the middle,
"*The dish ran away with the spoon!*"



THE GNOMES.

"So you don't believe in gnomes?" said a queer little cracked voice. Alice shrank back in surprise, and retreated as far as the old oak behind her would permit, before she saw the strange figure addressing her. "So you don't believe in gnomes," he repeated; "then come with me, and I will show you, for 'seeing's believing,' as you mortals say." Then he stamped with his foot on the ground, and Alice felt they were sinking far down into the earth. Presently they stopped, and when Alice had become a little accustomed to the darkness, she saw that they were in a beautiful cavern, the walls of which were of gold and precious stones. Hundreds of little figures were at work, piling and storing the metals in their places, or wheeling the earth away in barrows. "All this is being done for you mortals," said the gnome to Alice, in a reproachful tone, "and yet you say you don't believe in us." "I'm very sorry," Alice replied. "I'll never say so again, and I think it's very good indeed of you to take so much trouble for us." "Very well," said the gnome, a little mollified; "then now you may go home again." And he gave Alice into the charge of one of the workers. This little sprite waved his arms above his head, and hey, presto! they were standing before the door of Alice's house!

"Papa," said Alice next morning at breakfast, "do you believe there are such beings as gnomes?"

"Certainly not," said her papa.

"Well, I know there are, then," said Alice mysteriously.



THE SETTING SUN.

THE sun had set beyond the hills,
In a flood of red and yellow.
Said Maud, with a smile, "He'll be back in a while,
He never rests, poor fellow!
The birds are sleeping in their nests,
The flowers their buds are closing;
But the poor old Sun! he never rests—
You never find him dozing!
Around he goes in a ceaseless race,
But, alas, he can never win it!
I often think he would like a wink,
If only for a minute!

"I'm bound to have sleep myself; I know
I cannot do without it!
We all, it is said, must be put to bed!
Indeed, I never doubt it!
Why, even my dollies go to sleep;
And if ever from rest I borrow,
And keep them up late, on occasion of state,
They're dreadfully ill on the morrow!
And the dear old Sun must be like the rest;
All work is bad for him, surely!
So I wish I could think when he fades in the west
In his bed he was sleeping securely!"



THE SAD STORY OF LITTLE TOM TAYLOR.

LITTLE Tom Taylor
Sat on a rail, or
A post running out from the shore ;
When past flew a bird :
A loud splash was heard,
And Tommy was seen there no more.

FATHER WILLIAM.

A NEW VERSION.

"You'RE old, Father William," the young man said,
"And by rights should be learned and sage ;
Yet why are you driven, and why are you led,
By a child just a tenth of your age ?"

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
"I was headstrong, and would have my way ;
But now I am old, I have humbled my pride,
And have learnt when 'tis best to obey."



PRIDE COMES BEFORE A FALL.

I.

DICKON and Barbara were to go to school!

Great was the excitement of the children when they heard the news. No more long mornings of study at home; at last they were to go to a real school, kept by a real schoolmaster, and at last they were to learn *real* lessons! And what fun they would have with the other children! What pleasant games on sunny half-holidays! and what jolly prizes they would win! "Of course," said Dickon to Barbara, "I shall be in a higher class than you, Barbara, for you're only a girl, and can't be expected to know much; but I am a boy, and a very clever boy for my age! I daresay the master will be surprised when he finds how much I know!"

Barbara looked down and said nothing. She had distinct visions of Dickon's idleness in the past, his ill-learned lessons and his wasted time, and she was rather afraid he didn't know as much as she did. I say she was afraid, because Barbara was a kind-hearted little girl, and she would have wished to save Dickon from the disappointment that would come if he discovered that after all he knew less than his sister.

II.

The eventful morning arrived, and Dickon and Barbara were up early to have a run through the cornfields before breakfast. Then, as the clock struck nine, away they started, Dickon carrying the books, Barbara the slates and luncheon. Very joyously they ran off from the farm, but very sedately



they walked through the little village up to the door of the schoolmaster's house. They couldn't have told you why, but there was no doubt about it: *they were nervous.*

III.

Oh dear! oh dear! poor Dickon's lessons *wouldn't* come right! He had been put in the same class with Barbara after all, and Barbara had answered *all* the questions that were asked her, and had done her sums correctly; but Dickon seemed only to have been able to show what a dunce he was! And as the clock struck twelve Barbara was free to go, but Dickon must stop behind to puzzle over his sums, which *wouldn't* come right. Barbara's was a very sad face, as she walked sorrowfully past her brother and out into the bright sunshine. She would have liked to stay and help Dickon, but the master would not allow that, and so she went outside, carrying her slate and the luncheon with her.

IV.

Dickon sat on the low form with his slate before him, and puzzled over the sum, but he couldn't make it out. The fact was, his pride had had a fall: he was humiliated, and he didn't throw his best energies into the work. At length he gave it up in despair, and turned to watch a great spider who was dropping down from the ceiling just where the sunshine slanted in through the narrow casement, and as he watched he saw a slate slowly appear, pushed gently up in front of the window, and on the slate was the dreadful sum worked out in bold big figures. Dickon knew he ought not to look at them, but he did: and more than that, he transferred them to his slate, showed the sum to his master, and was free!



v.

"I couldn't help it," sobbed Barbara, as they sat at lunch under a shady tree. "I couldn't bear to think of you sitting there all alone, but I know I've done wrong, and what is worse, I've made you do wrong too!"

Dickon looked very grave. *He* knew he had done wrong too, but it hadn't struck him so forcibly before. Barbara's grief was very bitter, and the sight of it awoke all the best feelings in her brother's heart. "We both have done wrong, Barbara," said he, "but it was all my fault, and I'll go to the master this afternoon and tell him all about it."

And Barbara smiled through her tears, and the birds overhead seemed to sing a glad song of approval.

Dickon kept his word, and the master wasn't angry. He looked a little sadly at the children first of all; but when he had heard the whole story—for Dickon kept nothing back, not even his expectations of outshining Barbara and astonishing his school-fellows—he patted them both kindly on the head and forgave them. But Dickon wished to make some amends for his fault, and so another sum was set him, even more difficult than the first. He was a different boy now, however: his mind was at rest, and the difficulties seemed to vanish away, so that in a short time he could go to the master and show him that he was not altogether a dunce after all.

That evening Dickon and Barbara walked home together hand in hand, and with rather sadder faces than when they set out in the morning. But they were really happier after all, and they both felt that they were not ashamed to meet their parents after their first day at school.



IN SEARCH OF PLAYLAND.

I.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Violet, "how tired I am of lessons, lessons, lessons, all day long. How I wish we could go away, and never learn lessons any more."

Bertie opened his big round eyes in very surprise at the possibility of such a thing as no more lessons, and heartily echoed his sister's wish.

"I have it," said Violet, "we'll go to Playland. You know the rhyme, Bertie, we read the other day—

" 'Beyond the hills,
Among the rills,
The realm of Playland lies ;
There girls and boys
Have wondrous toys,
And daylight never dies.' "

and so on. Well, there are the hills and the rills far away over there," pointing out of the school-room window, "and we'll run away in search of Playland."

Bertie thought this would be great fun, and he was ready to follow all his sister's directions. So a raid was made on the kitchen larder, when the cook was out of the way, Violet's hand-bag was filled with rolls and tarts, and then the children crept stealthily out of the house, through the back garden into the paddock, and they were free to commence their search for Playland.

II.

After crossing two or three fields, the children met a little



girl with a pet lamb, and Violet asked her to tell them the way to Playland. But the little girl stared at her with open eyes, and said she had never heard of such a place. "Never mind," said Violet; "the hills and the rills are far away yonder, so we cannot be wrong if we keep straight on towards them."

Soon after this they struck into the road, and their house was in sight once more. Violet looked back anxiously, fearing lest their governess or one of the servants should see them and send to fetch them back, but no one was in sight, and soon the children left the road again and dipped down into a flowery dell, and the house was lost to sight again. On they walked, until at length they saw a happy-looking boy flying a kite, and in the valley beneath they heard the music of a rippling rill. "Hurrah!" shouted Violet, "we must be approaching Playland at last."

III.

How lightly the water leapt over the stones, and how brightly it sparkled in the sunshine! Violet and Bertie were just beginning to feel tired with their walk, and they thought how refreshing it would be to walk about in the cool stream. So off came their shoes and stockings, and soon they were having a merry time of it—chasing the minnows in and out under the stones. But even as they lingered in the brook the skies became overcast, and the rain came down in torrents, and before they could get their shoes and stockings on again, they were wet through to the skin.



"Oh, dear," sobbed Bertie, "I'm so cold and so hungry."

And then the children tried to shelter themselves under a bush, and Violet gave Bertie some of the tarts and a roll from her little bag, but, alas! the rain had reached *them* too, and rain does not improve pastry or rolls, does it?

But Bertie was very cold and miserable, and he felt now that he could not have eaten the tarts even if they had been hot from the oven. And Violet was cold too, but she said nothing about it, and wrapped her frock round Bertie, and tried to keep the rain from him, and did her best to comfort him. But it was of no use; and at last they both lay down on the damp cold ground and sobbed themselves to sleep.

IV.

The young doctor from the village of Elmhorne was driving across the down in his gig, when he heard a sound as of some one moaning and talking in his sleep. He pulled up his horse sharply and jumped down. The sounds seemed to proceed from a clump of bushes a few yards from the beaten track, and he proceeded thither and found Violet and Bertie locked in one another's arms. Violet was moaning and talking, and was apparently in a high fever, so the doctor took both children up in his arms, carried them to the gig, and drove rapidly to the nearest cottage. By the time they had arrived there, Bertie seemed to have recovered his spirits, and could tell his new friend whence they had come and where they were going. But Violet was very ill, and her papa was at once sent for. For days and days she was delirious, and the old rhyme about Playland was continually on her lips.



But by slow degrees she recovered, and the first things she saw on regaining consciousness were the kind faces of her father and mother bent over her in loving forgiveness. And when she was quite well she told Bertie the story of her dreams when she was unconscious.

THE DREAM.

"I fancied," said Violet, "that while we were hiding from the rain under the bushes, a large open umbrella suddenly floated down from the sky, and a little voice, that seemed to come from the handle, said in squeaky tones, 'Get inside.' I felt bound to obey; and directly I had seated myself in the umbrella it began to rise in the air, and a number of birds flew round and round me as I soared higher and higher, and they seemed to sing—

'Rise, rise! For in the skies
The wondrous realm of Playland lies!'

On we floated, over houses and trees, over valleys and hills, right up into the clouds, until at last the umbrella gave a jerk, and I stood on firm ground once more. And then I noticed that all the trees, and animals, and birds, were of wood, just like those in a Noah's ark, and a bird at my feet crowed—

'Cock-a-doodle-doodle-doo!
This is Playland! Who are you?'

And just as I was explaining that my name was Violet, a little girl—a real little girl—carrying a doll came up, singing—

'Strangers who with us would stay,
Must work, work, before they play.'

23 5-6

Violet
not said
(P. 100)







